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SONGS AND SEA VOICES

SONGS AND SEA VOICES

BY

JAMES STEWART DOUBLEDAY



NEW YORK
WASHINGTON SQUARE BOOK SHOP
1918

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APR 12 1918

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BINGHAMTON AND NEW YORK

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Ho the magic mists!
Ho the spacious sea!
Ho the sovereign ships
Sailing white and free!

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SONGS AND SEA VOICES

O WHITE SHIP

O WHITE ship on the sea,
Sail outward to the Nore!
The time will come when thou
Shalt grace the main no more.

The time will come when thou
Shalt fade from waters green
With all thy bravery
Of swelling sails asheen.

A tall ship in her pride,
A white ship on the sea,
Hath always been, I swear,
A living thing to me!

One of the things we prize
And seek and seldom find,
Or finding, ere we know,
'Tis gone upon the wind.

OUTWARD

OUTWARD! on the prow
Sovran-souled I stand,
Freedom on my brow,
Fortune to my hand.

The defiant sea,
Winter-gnarled with foam
Has a psalm for me,
Yea, a psalm from home!

My forefathers gaunt
Knew the wander-flame,
Well they wist the haunt
Where no hearts grow tame.

Where the storm-sun sets
Ghostly shrouds at night,
While the sea-hawk jets
'Cross the coppery light;

Where the deep joins heaven,
Where a man meets man,
And green waves have striven
Since the world began.

A BACCHANAL

LET elden poets praise the bowl,
Mine be the wild-voiced sea;
The orgies of his mighty soul
Are wine enow for me.
The west'ring sun shall tint the wave,
The wind made merry foam;
While hoary billows rollicking
With stony bumpers, rise and sing
To Neptune-broods at home.

A beaker of yon briny draught!
No gentler be my choice;
I yearn what potion gods have quafft
To gain immortal voice.
His horn may any mortal bowse
And jovial notes inform;
But few can stand in Poet's House
And with the thund'rous sea carouse
To music of the storm.

In tankards of ennobling mirth
I pledge with purple brim,
Who hath no soul for sordid earth,
But joins my tidal hymn.
If every loftier spirit stood
In high tempestuous band,
To drink deep of heroic mood,—

A BACCHANAL

Beneficent for them, and good
For men of every land.

'Tis gone—but O fierce God afar,
Victorious and great!
Let me not lightly wage my war
Nor fearful ply my fate:
Grant I may never less defy
Than now—where thunders creep—
Where lightning sears the northern sky,
And storm-clouds scour silently
Above the vanquished deep.

BREAKERS

FIRST the lilt, first the battle din,
The trumpet, the plunge of the billow, the anger,
the rush;
The unchained forces of utmost Saladin;
Then the hush, the white hush,
O the hush!

Then an ominous whisper, a call,
Renewed sounds of onset, rage fuming on rage,
blow on blow;
Tempest-gored: then the hush as before; O 'tis
all
That we know—ebb and flow—
All we know.

FLIGHT

MARK ye the swift
Over the rift
Of the breakers!
Watch the lone swallow
Over the fallow
Rustling the mallow—
Lord of his acres.

Oh to outlift
My spirit and follow,
And wing the gay seas,
And fringe the gay leas,
And glide like the wind over mountain and hollow,
And hover the deep as I cover the shallow,
And fly to the Far
In the smoothness of life,
With no more of strife
Than I see in a star
As it rises and falls
Or glimmers.

And ah!
Swift, away, the sea calls!
Swallow, lone swallow—the morn-barley shimmer—
Go fleeting, fly joyous o'er meadows and moors,
I would be alone.

FLIGHT

I would be alone.
In a motion my own,
To wing my own flight, my heavenward tours;
'Tis naught ye have known,
But something God-grown,
Full princely—
And calmer and swifter—sublimier than Yours.

A SHORE LYRIC

O LIGHT and laughing Alice—
If thou wilt be my bride,
My hut shall seem a palace
Our fief the dun waves wide.

Flowers shall trim our porches,
And birds make merry din;
Young blue-eyed boys with torches
At eve will light thee in.

By dawn we shall be sailing
Over the odorous sea—
'Tis a mystical joy unfailing
The fisher's life so free.

Then lean thou soft on my shoulder
And let me scarf thee well—
The nights are growing colder
And sighs the northern swell.

SHORE-PIECE

I MET a lonely fisher girl
 Upon her father's duty;
She wore a necklace of strange pearl,
 Her eyes were sad with beauty.

O frail delusive girl, my fears
 Mingle with hopes about thee;
I know not how thro' all these years
 Heart has felt joy without thee.

Yet is an unknown longing stilled—
 Fair is thy form, thy motion,
I walk like one with dreams fulfilled
 Beside the swelling ocean.

THE SHELL

I HAVE a shell, a sea-shell in my pocket,
It might be rimmed with gold—made a love
locket—

Or anything of jewellery fine
If so be I might sell this heart of mine.

But as it is, sleep, sleep my little shell
My fair frail thing where every fall and swell
Of her delighting bosom is portrayed
In thy soft purring, sleep, be not afraid.

SUNRISE

MY soul is standing on the shadowy brink
Of some great thought, my heart undying glows
With one great love; and like the glorious sun,
Silently from the night-time of the past,
Rises my Life.

SONG

LULL me winds, and thou blest stream
Softly ply thy sylvan voice;
For here my love would stray by choice
And here I used to watch and dream.

How slender was her form in white,
Her soul, how tranquil shining through,
And every step she made was true
As the step a star takes in the night.

AN APRIL LYRIC

OH, I would be the priest of spring,
To say a mass for everything
That sings and wings and blooms and sprays—
And bless them to the end of days.

Now Nature laugheth like a child,
And over all—so mute, so mild—
My soul like a protecting sky
Offers her balm of sympathy.

I feel that I could die for them,
These birds, these flowers on dewy stem,
And the green lives multitudinous
As the brooding Spirit died for us.

LINES WRITTEN IN A WOOD

WHEN I am gone, let first resound
The organ's knell by Gothic glass;
And let, by melancholy mound
The gloom cortège of mourners pass.
Then all of sweet that ever was
In the fresh dewy world I love,
The flocks, the flowers, the silent grass,—
Let them press round about my bed and joy-
ful prove.

When pipings from the leafy burn
By genial satyr lonely played,
With something of a soulful turn
Inspire the solitary shade;
Or when from distant pasture glade
Issues the calm of bleating herds,
Or when the gold light 'gins to fade
And eve wakes silvery with twinkling notes of
birds;

Then low my heart shall lie in nest
As it lies in the wild grove here;
I cannot fancy heaven's rest
More perfect and more fruitful clear,
I cannot vision spot more dear,
More blissful for the wandering one—

LINES WRITTEN IN A WOOD

A holier urn for the last tear
Than this retreat where all my toil on earth
seems done.

ALOOF

THE earth is so fair, so fair,
And my spirit so deeply laden,
I look on thy sunlit hair
And bless thee, lone guileless maiden!

O thou art a beauty, a dawn,
A new life but lately risen!
And I a mute spirit soon gone
To the deep of my outerworld prison.

O stay thou afar, afar!
And thy voice let it songless linger;
Thy brow is the haunt of a star
Writ by a seraph's finger;

Which soon would lessen and fade
And set, if I ventured nigher
In silence I love thee and shade,
In delight that is dreaming desire.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GIRL

IF any radiant soul ascends
To fields more fair and green
And bathes in beauty that transcends,
It must be so with Jean.

Scarce did I know her, yet I knew
Her voice, that grave sweet tone
Which womanhood bestows like dew
On children all her own.

No elfin life in covert dim,
No bird or startled fawn
Could dart or dance with lighter limb
Than this girl that is gone.

Her hair possessed the morning sheen
Of pathways fair and strange
'Mid russet woods where rain hath been
And sunbeams interchange.

How shall we grant her, how return
This fledgling to the fold?
How yield this lamb,—mine eyelids burn,
I quiver and grow cold.

The winter has been loth to bless,
Spring comes with lights of yore,

THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GIRL

But O it comes with one flower less,
Though many thousands more.

Spring comes without her, without one
Of spring the seemliest part;
O blades of grass, O spears of sun,
Ye stab me to the heart!

TO A RIVULET

CLEAR water, clear water,
Let me plash thee and drink thee
And plunge my arms in thee,
O fresh delight!

Here, in thy native woodland,
'Mid branches all rainy,
Thou springest from thy pebbles
Purling so blithely.

The birds catch music from thee,
The reeds bow down before thee,
Thou givest the flowers life
And my heart lightness.

Clear water, clear water,
In this hard uncompromising world
How blest art thou to wend thy simple way,
Purling so blithely.

Let it not be the least among thy glories,
That thou, silvering gently the green meadow,
Hast fallen like water of life upon my brow
And made it fertile.

TO A RIVULET

Let it not be the least among thy glories,
That thou, with thy meek plainsong 'mong the
 rushes,
Waterest with melody
My heart roots.

THE WINDS OF SPRING

THE winds are sighing—the winds of spring,
They sing of beauty, but beauty has sting,
 Ah me for the sighing and singing!
The flowers may flaunt and the young bees hum
And birds make merry where snows lay dumb,
But the love I long for never can come,
 Never more can be bringing
 No,
 Never more can be bringing.

Once I was young—my young life's gone,
Noontide is whelming the sands of dawn,
 And I must be turning and fleeing;
The hope is departing that seemed so nigh,
The clear stream is clouded that ran sweet by,
My mortal craves immortality,
 And I would be waking and seeing,
 Yes.
 I would be waking and seeing.

We roamed together the fragrant fields
And drank the delight all new life yields
 Exulting in every blossom.
But heart has been wounded, flower and weed
Alike seem to bend in a travailing need,
Of sorrow and blight God sprinkles the seed

THE WINDS OF SPRING

In every living bosom.

Yes,

In every living bosom.

APRIL

Lissom April art thou come—
Come and gone so sweet and soon?
I did scarce espy thee tripping
On the rain-grass 'neath the moon,
Scarcely felt thy flower breathings
Hue my cheek in the wet noon.

One eve as I wandered lonely
By the fallows and the brake,
A solitary bluebird's note
Filled my ear like a snowflake.
O nimble Beauty! Spring! I cried,
Can it be thou art awake?

Then I hastened to the water
Glist'ning out to the wide sea
Where a filmy distant haze
Hung like phantom porphyry;
And the colour turned to longing,
The longing to melody.

Fair the tones—ay me, before them
Swooned the silvery breezes stark,
Night fell and the melting music

APRIL

Vanished among tideways dark,
But my longing lived and lightened,
Failed and heightened like a spark.

MY BOY

My Boy is plucking flowers;
It is the fairest thing,
A soft delight like music,
To watch him in the spring.
He bends him over with such grace,
His face is such a glowing face,
I cannot name the rain-fresh joy
To liken to my slender boy.

No dew can fall so lightly,
No bluebird nimbly troll,
But that his eyes, exulting,
Betray their very soul.
The April's with him always kind
The May-time doth his temples bind,
The long June twilight and her brood
Wrap him in dreams and quietude.

Yet he is brave, he launches
Where bees their honey brew,
He knows the yellow haunches
Of all that clover crew.
They would not harm him, for they ken
He is a friendly denizen,
A prince of the masonic throng
To which the hyacinths belong.

MY BOY

I like to dwell upon him,
My Boy, so fair and slim;
Serenest faith and beauty
Have found a home in him.
I mean not he is never wild,
Nor fails the erring of a child,
But that his soul's in clean accord
With harmonies straight from the Lord.

THE MAGIC MOMENT

I LOOKED on the fair blue sky,
I looked on thee, my child;
And all life's madness and mystery
With my heart were reconciled.

Thine eyes had the heavens' gleam,
Thy form had an angel grace,
A blanching beauty beyond dream
Transfigured thy childish face.

And the wildflowers at my feet
Their early incense swung;
Life was incomparably sweet
And sacred and unsung.

The silent airs grew chill,
The leaves lay tranced and white,
Then a wave of awakening broke with a thrill
Of strange and sapphire light;

And the crystalline colours that bar
Sad thoughts shone upon the plain,
My dream faded out like a star
When the day wanders back again.

I held thee by the hand,
We needed no longer grope,

THE MAGIC MOMENT

A glory was lying over the land
Of nature and love and hope.

Which made me the minstrel of morn,
A minstrel no longer blind,
I had looked in the grotto where faith is born
That flowers in human kind.

A CRY OF MERCURY, MESSENGER TO HADES

I COULD not dally,
I dared not wait,
Ever too early
And too late.

They snatched him from me—
The boy so fair.
They wove in threads
Of his golden hair;

In blood their fingers
Deep-rooted stained;
And over his beauty—
So godlike veined—

They drew the curses
Of sin and death,
And threw the fire
In his sweet breath,

And crooned in evil;
And killed his hope,
And bade me for ever
In darkness grope,

If I could not lead them
To bitterer things!

A CRY OF MERCURY

Till I grew like a comet
On terrible wings

And strake them to silence!
But ah! 'twas all;
I rise in the heavens
Only to fall.

I could not dally,
I dared not wait—
Ever too early,
And too late.

VENETIAN

O FOR Venice, Venice!
Od'rous damp Venetian,
Palaces and bridges,
Tintoretto, Titian.

Every artist's spirit
Longs for graceful Venice—
If no ship invite me,
I will steal a pinnacle.

Sail across th' Atlantic—
'Twixt the Rocks Herculean—
Holding still to Eastward
On a sea cerulean.

I will thread Messina
To a classic ocean,
Plashing round Apulia
With a faery motion.

Soft! the Adriatic
Trembles into being.
See ye not sweet Venice,
Whither I am fleeing,

In the feath'ry distance?
Now 'tis clearer, fuller—

VENETIAN

Look, my mainsail quivers,
Heavier grows with colour,

Red and brown and golden,
While the vapours gather
Lovingly like children
Round the sea, their father.

Blithe Apollo fills them
With deep moods and cravings
Richer in their fragrance
Than old Persian ravings;

Richer in their fragrance—
And I drift uncaring
Whither group the fishers
After their seafaring;

Near the green *giardino*
Where the wavelets lapping
On the weed strewn *scala*
Send my soul a-napping,

And I wake and find, ah—
Where O where is Venice?
Where the steeples shimm'ring?
Where the sails, the pinnace?

LAY OF THE MIST

O SEA mist, spectrally steeping
In argent the amber sand,
The waves in a mesmeric sleeping
Reveal thy enchanter's hand.

Pale violet hues in the making
Drift idly on currents unseen;
'Tis the hour of blest unawaking
From vision life—silver, serene.

And I stand here repelled from the spaces
Of unpeopled azure above,
To the wiles and allurement of faces
Of sweet marine shapes that I love.

PETALS

THE breakers burst amain
Like orient flowers white,
Wondrous chrysanthemums
Op'ning for my delight.

Their petals stream and wave
Upon the breathing beach
And lie there and die there
And bend there and beseech.

Their fragrance overcomes me,
I screen my mortal face
In fear from such mad beauty
And life and hope and grace.

SHORE TONES

THE fisher sails are floating
In the blue evening calm,
And I sense the breath of still waters
On my torn spirit like balm.

The southwind melts into fragrance,
The hushed clouds fold in their flight,
The sea birds sink in the heavens
And glimmer beyond sight:

And with them vanish serenely
All human passions and pain,
The world spins, a shimmering planet
Adrift on the skiey main.

Ah God, with what joys of Thy tankard
Teem I entrancéd here
And plunge my soul deep in the twilight
And chant on the waste sand clear!

When day fails, and love fails, and striving
Ah, then 'tis the hour for a spell
Afar from the haunts of a people,
Apart—where the strange waves well.

REFRAIN

GEMS of ocean drape the trees,
Briny pearls are gleaming,
Phantom Hollands dot the leas,
Hushed be all life's melodies,
While the earth lies dreaming.
 Heigh-ho! sing low!
Lovers' tide must fail and flow.

Youth is here but youth will pass;
Noon must come and after,
Twilight and the shadows mass,
Twilight when with life alas!
Love grows pale and laughter.
 Heigh-ho! sing low!
Deeper secrets none may know.

THE TIDE BELL

EVENING comes, the lonely land
Darkens with the wave,
Sea fowl strut the wrinkled sand
And the mariner's grave
Lists the tide-bell toll
By sunken shoal.

Evening comes and breezes die,
The marsh odours wake;
One by one melodiously
The little hushed waves break;
Silence spreads her dole—
Peace, drownéd soul!

VIGIL

A MIST is rising heavy and gray
Out of the heaving deep,
The subdued southern billows sway
In a strange phantom sleep.

My heart is like the wave this day—
Would neither laugh nor weep;
Yet the one longing I dreamed away
Doth a strange vigil keep.

THE SHOALS

O CEASELESS chaunt
Of the sweet strange sea;
Why dost thou haunt
This heart of me?

Oft have I heard,
From the lonely shoals,
A single bird
With her sibylline trols
Waken the stark land far and near;
But now all is silent as with fear;
And a dream of love's tragedies
Comes to me
From the tost and tempest-strewn
Sweet strange sea.

TO THE SEA

O PSALMIST SEA, I wander long
Responsive to thy choral song
Of rest and eventide;
Thy lessening billows lunge and sweep
Dim and majestic shores, then sleep—
How still the world and wide!

Something interrogates my heart,
Of thy large solitude a part,
A moving shape like Death;
Yet Life is tenfold Life I swear
When I my wildered temples bare
To thy refreshing breath.

Oft as a child I used to roam
Thy sands in the mysterious gloam,
Whilst thou in loftier mood
Didst deal heroic nourishment
To one reared gently yet who spent
Vain hours for his soul's food.

Even so early I did learn
The kindness in thy humors stern,

TO THE SEA

Thy grandeur made me grand;
I feared almost to look on thee
While thou didst smite remorselessly
The Titan we call Land.

So great a creature made me start—
Oh God how loudly clanged my heart
One morn when thou wast mute!
It seemed the very world must cease
Her rolling and perpetual peace
Rise to some heavenly lute.

A magic mist lay over all,
The wonder clouds in carnival
Sent strange hues o'er my mind.
I wept upon thy silent shore
And loving found in thee far more
Than I in man could find.

And now, albeit those days are banned,
I bear me on thine ancient strand
With pride, as when a boy
I ran beside thy billows bright
Whose heritage of life and light
Naught human may destroy.

WINTRY SHORE

SWEET recreation by the wintry sea
To wander as the mood will oft invite,
When colours roseate fall silvery
On the pure limpid shells and pebbles white;
When weeds lie prisoned by the freezing foam,
And minnows dart in the translucent shallows;
And broken reeds are stiff'ning in the loam,
And wild birds shriek about the briny fallows.
Why sky is clear and northwind biteth keen,
Dull eyes grow bright, pale cheeks turn flow'ry
pink,—
When life-fruit hangeth ripe, and I to glean
Need but the moment on my young love think;
Then glints within my heart a joy so golden
That Silence steals what were to speech beholden.

SANCTUARY

THERE is a temple in thy face, but O
I shall not name thy brow an altar nor
Thine eyes pure sainted windows; I adore
Too fondly, deeply, ever to bestow
Images on thy sacred beauty. No,
Let me but worship without knowing why,—
As 'neath the benison of sea or sky
We stand bareheaded with all veins aglow.
O what were human life without devotion?
Without the blessed time when Self does fail
Silently like a shadow, when an ocean
Of sublime meaning tides the naked heart
From love's eternity, and world, grown pale,
Kneels murm'ring while unworthy dreams de-
part?

A PRELUDE

O POESY, my refuge and delight!

My sanctuary steeped in hallowed fire;
Thee shall I not approach with coarse desire,

Nor trivial temper nor satiric spite;
But with a heart bowed lowly in thy sight,

Kneel and be thankful and rise dimly grand
And laud the Priest-Creator who hath planned
Art's many temples with illustrious might.

Then if my song be sweet in godlike ears,
Sweet unto them that know harmonious sound,

O never let it wholly to the world—

After the soul has suffered and been hurled
Thro' a life's fury, drowned with vexing tears,
If yearns the beauty of thy cloistered bound.

THE SONG

THE song that burns in my bosom
Shall be a song of you;
Sweet and with no strange fancies—
But simply-toned and true.

A world of figure and fancy
And strange wild loveliness,
Could only cover thy beauty,
Make my song's beauty less.

FROM AN ORCHARD

THE oriole sings in deep pure notes
Unhindered and unchary,
The god put a pearl in both your throats,
And in your spirit, Mary.
Ah, thus to listen
While rapt eyes gleam and glisten;
To float far out on that ethereal lake
And dream of dying for your too lovely sake.

And yet, dear Mary, I would not die,
Far liefer would I cherish
That part of this life's infinity
Which you will not let perish.
Your young eyes dancing,
Their lashes upward glancing,
Lure me with hope and joy beyond the years,
Till wisdom smiles, and love has dried all tears.

NOCTURN

O LADY, I behold this night
So calm, so clear, so star-excelling!
And all my loneliness takes flight,
The loneliness that grew past telling,
While wandered I adrift, or worse,
In the vast loveless universe.

O Lady, I inhale this night,
Its spicy fragrances indwelling,
Each cluft of dark and tuft of light
A fount of incense softly welling
Into the torrent of my dreams
That from thy limpid influence streams.

O Lady, hearken to this night
The strange sad music, soul-impelling
From grove and lawn; and to requite
My patient heart and still the knelling
Of phantom fears that come sans choice,
Yield the pure magic of thy voice.

RECOGNITION

MARY, thy singing was to me
First a surprise, then melody,
Then the delight that scorns the years.
Then love and Christ's own tears.

PRESENCE

Now countless visions throng to me,
Her eyes and lips are turned to mine,
Her face is like a song to me,
Her breath is thyme and honey wine.
The haunting colours come and go,
They melt me with their tender throe,
The fountains of my being glow
 From the heart.

Long have I waited—long to thee,
Thou too my love, O trembling bird!
Fear not, no shallow wrong to thee
Shall zephyred be by act or word.
Thou art my woods, my flowers and sky,
My inland waters whence reply
Th' enraptured stars, and where winds die
 And dreams start.

SONGS OF A SUMMER DEPARTED

GO

Go—for the year is past the blowing May,
Go—for the season reddens, sighs and hearkens,
Go—not a hopeful joy can we bid stay,
Even our memory's golden dims and darkens,
 Dims and darkens.

Go—for the summer is not longer here,
The wild birds fume, the air breathes autumn
 dangers,
Go before life has grown too cheaply dear,
Laugh and depart while love still holds us
 strangers—
 Holds us strangers.

SOLITUDE

A RED leaf on the bush
Enjoins me to be mute;
O the enraptured hush
While falls the fruit!

The laborers in field
Are silent and more bent
Scything the golden yield
With grim content.

A shadow steeps the plain,
A strange and umber light
Proclaims the coming rain—
The men take flight.

I do not run, I grip
My feet in the brown earth,
Scorn is upon my lip—
Scorn mixed with mirth.

I stand as one who stands
Heedless of storms' affray,
Who has known seas and lands
Here—and away;

SOLITUDE

Who has known autumn, spring,
And love and blinding tears,
And hopes that vaguely cling
Beyond the years.

LEAVES

THE leaves, the leaves, how they rustle and start!
I could bind them and wind them about my heart;
For a memory dear is enshrined in the leaf
Of a joy too vivid and blessed and brief.

We fared the far roads and the fragrant paths
And the sunways sweet of the woodland swaths,
And life was too fair! Now alone in the rain,
I pass through the weeping woods ever again.

SUMMER

THE turf is green and the sky is clear,
The sweet abundant summer is here,
The summer for which I have hoped and cared
And over the endless Arctic fared.
The summer to which the spring in a stream
Has flowed like a tributary dream;
The summer, the height, the long years' crown,
Ere the clouds bring wet and the leaves are down.

O Season, if I have loved thee well,
And love—'tis that thou bringest a spell
Of the old time pride in shady glen,
Where laughing girls and staid young men
Joyed in the depth of thy mingled sweet;
O Summer, darling time, these feet
Have wandered many a mile since then!
Have wandered many a mile—and I,
Gazing upon thy gentle sky,
Wonder if I can be the same
As when I never hymned thy name,
But knew thee only as the truth;
As when indeed thy golden light,
Translated to the heart of youth,
Told Beauty's advent—not her flight.

AUTUMN

WHEN forest leaves are lying sere
And dull mist hangeth over mere,
Then speed I to the fields around,
And linger by a mossy mound
Where she doth lie, where she doth lie,
And O it is a dreary sky.

No birds make music in the trees;
Half-naked branches in the breeze
Sing a low dirgeful monotone—
I wander o'er the leas alone
No prey to melancholy fears,
But O it is a world of tears.

VILLAGE SCENE

ADOWN the early village scene
I pass like a spirit thing;
Children are romping on the green
Before the school bells ring.

I stand beneath an aged tree
Where I was wont to stand;
But now it does not shelter me,
I am so tall and grand.

The clouds are flying as fast they flew
This day ago twelve years,
And the earth was green and the sky was blue,
But they moved me not to tears.

O I have ranged afar, I feel
The world is in despite;
O Love! O Heaven! Let me kneel
On the brink of concealing night.

MY AUTUMN SONG

MY autumn song, my autumn song,
O I shall sing it, but sing it not long,
 For winter is prowling nigh!
And gone is the summer I thought so sweet;
And gone the young wildflowers under my feet,
 And the warm and windless sky.

Behold, behold, each leaf to the fold
Is hastened in purple and brown and gold—
 In glory and glory's stain!
Darkness is hovering low on the deep,
The whole earth is crying for rest and sleep
 From the travail of fruit and grain.

In the late time sere, in the ripening year
Our lives are possessed of a mystical fear,
 And we draw the sullen breath;
For all around us is Beauty in flight,
And the heart of noon grows heavy as night,
 In the dream of wintry death.

APART

WHEN apples tumble to the glist'ning sod,
And grapes hang frosty on a tremulous stem,
When leaves are cushioned o'er where late we
trod,
And fir trees flaunt a silvery diadem,
When mists lie over fallow, and the kine
Seem ghostly wanderers, and Joy, long fled,
Wings whispering in still odours from the pine,
And heart for heart's release cried famishéd;
Then, then thou comest, O reluctant Child,
Thou sprite of winds and waters, silent grown.
And I forgive that sunny April smiled,
Or that the grain lies garnered erstwhile sown,
A newborn Joy rises from all Regret,
Like Love from Pity, too sad to forget.

SONG OF TWILIGHT

Joy I was dreaming of
Fades with the noonday rose,
Hope of life-warming love
With the late swallows goes.

Bright forms and colors gay
Pass with the evening light,
Life, love and hope, and day,
End all in night.

REFUGE

WHERE flowers singly bloom
There do I lonely pass,
The foliage in gloom
Shadows the waning grass.

One bird with plaintive grace
Breathes summer's final sigh;
Long have we sought this place,
My lonely heart and I.

TO THE EARTH

UNTIRING One who searchest the deep skies
Year after year—nor heeding moon nor star;
Great Silent Heart that thro' the long centuries
Hast held thy fire hidden; always far
From him thou lovest yet no nearer hate—
Tell me, was ever life so desolate,
Was ever such inexorable fate
As thine, eternally thy course to run,
Seeming to approach, yet never nearing one
Who lighteth all thy lonely way—the sun?

LOVE OVER LIFE

O THOU my triumph and my sore defeat!
My wall of darkness and my well of light;
As poets say, "Thine absence bringeth night,
Only thy presence makes the dull world sweet."
But I say more: Thou comest to complete
My innermost design, my life's one plan,
While motioning to me how small a span
My spirit wings may traverse when they beat.
Thou art my inspiration and my poise,
My dove of calm, my seraph lit with storm,
The twilight-star where merge my griefs and
joys.

I cannot image life without thee; no,
Nor heart's ideal of passion in any form,
Nor height of heaven nor descent of woe.

LOVE OVER DEATH

My poetry was dead—now shall it rise;
My spirit was asleep—now does it wake;
My heart was lying still, now heart could break
If 'cross the sunlight from thy lips or eyes
One shadow sought to move. I have grown wise,
If love be wisdom; young, if love be youth;
From our love summit of communing truth
We may disdain the base world and its spies.
Yea, let them seek to part us!—Men may press
Our bodies to the grave, but we shall mingle,
Clasp arms, kiss deep, in ways, lives, yet unknown:
Eternity can spring from one caress—
Ay, when adrift, despairing, I could single
Thy form through the waste universe alone.

LOVE BEYOND HOPE

DEAR, when I came we were not happy; no,
Who could be happy with so heavy heart?
I fled thy gaze, and looked on thee apart,
I could not say one word—now must I go.
Once was ebbtide, then the vast overflow
O'ermastered me and flooded praise or blame;
Now I adore and image thee, thy name
Is holiest wine, I drink it and I glow!
Yes, we must part! On this delusive earth,
Of happiness bears not a single bud,
That is not starved or schemed away and slain;
O there are battlefields of unshed blood
More mad than those of France. And death and
 birth
Are one, and all but love dies—love and pain!

MESSAGE

BLEST altar of my spirit, when the light
Of day is done, and one by one appear
The tinted clouds; the autumn atmosphere,
Heavy with fallen rain and falling night,
Gives me what vexing comfort! As a blight
This absence chilleth all our transient gladness;
First a half day's content, then months of sadness,
A torturing solitude for soul's one sight!
Here let me place my offering—I crave
Thy lips, but, chance upon this quivering stream,
Grief may impart one message to the ocean;
Gone is thy person—gone the blest hour of
dream;
But O, inspirer of my hopes, be brave,
Trusting in time untried and heart's devotion.

HOME

QUEENLY stranger from afar,
I met thee 'neath a northern star;
And since that hour, where thou must be
Becomes the only home for me.

This my serene, my native land
Repels me like a foreign strand;
Lonely I linger, bid me home
To thee across the Northern foam.

THE DISTANT ONE

OVER the sea,
The boundless sea afar,
There breathes my darling,
Bides my tender star.

Lonely she lingers
A-dream in my dark sky,
Others have risen
In beauty and gone by;

But she stays on—stays on
And lights my sombre room
And yields me hope of sunrise
After gloom.

KATWIK SANDS

I MET her where vapours lie cold
On the shore where the sails they were red,
My love I had never told
But she knew in our lives it was said.

The dunes rose high and along
Ran hillocks with sprays of green,
And the gray dykes sunken and strong
Where the current ran white between.

O the pranks of that strange North light
With its silvery gossamers!
The scent of that Netherland night
When my swelling heart met hers!

We passed to a lonely tower,
A ghost it loomed to us both;
Then the dark swung heavy and dour
The moon failed—we parted loth.

She hastened, my love, to her land,
(I strolled to the England pier)—
And no one was ever so grand
And noble and hapless and dear.

SCHELDE BANKS

ALONG the banks of Schelde
I roam with heart and brow depressed,
The breathing banks of Schelde—
And I find no rest.

I only find what wrings my mind
With beauties like a haunting tune,
Her form so fair, her lithe arms bare
And the lights of June.

I find her as she walked the green
That morn, the swift stream either side.
A fisher fleet spun gaily past—
Brabant was in its pride.

I spoke, how sweet and strangely grand
Though tragic tinted 'twas to me
Thus to look out from Schelde-land
With her upon the sea.

She answered, but the accents fine
That from her brave lips fell
Are sacred to her soul and mine,
And Solitude's as well.

I SAW THE DAY

I SAW the day come in,
I saw the reapers reap;
The birds with piping din
Rose from the dells of sleep.

And love and life begin;
The wine-lit maples wave,
But thee I may not win
This side the grave.

ALONE

So startling white, O February moon!
Can thy dark home appal thee to such ways,
That thou with heaven's glory on thy face,
Wanderest in dejection? Can the boon
Of solitude be turned to pain so soon?
Has grief consumed thine ampler, fuller rays,
Or, tell me, seekest thou some purer place
Beyond the wave where rest thy silv'ry shoon?
Form incomparable! I gaze on thee
In calm so deep, meseems as if thou wast
My bridal shape of spirituality,
Some beauteous being rendered from the Past,
In whose inviolate countenance I see
Life's joy and sorrow mould in one at last.

THE LAKE OF THE SEA

BOSCOMBE was English green,
The Chine had its late summer sheen;
Lay Bourne the sun's jewel between.

There are days when the god doth make
The Channel more fair than a lake
Embossed by a Westmoreland brake;

When the long gold mysterious strips
With their Lorelei vapours and tips
Allure to the rocks and the rips;

When the sun flays his tortured beams
Through perilous rainbow streams
And the life-fluid pants and teems.

There are days when the god doth make
The Channel more fair than a lake,
And then 'tis the hour to awake;

Where the land about far Torquay
Which slopes to this Lake of the Sea
Is nestling and fair as a bee;

When the atmosphere stifles and swoons
And the image death white of the dunes
Breaks into an hundred moons;

THE LAKE OF THE SEA

When the echo of frenzied wings
To sinister child fear clings
And the Manche-minstrel tunes his strings;

When the ships floating over by France
Are ghosts on a stream of mischance—
They will vanish at a glance.

O, see that envenomed spire
Of cloud sweepings caught on fire
Dissolve in mere mist and mire!

—— that dead spot in the deep
Where never a flame can creep,
But blackness shall deathless sleep;

Then far on the face of the shawl,
Like an ant over fringe and all,
The poor Channel steamer crawl;

And know that our lives—O hark!
Are less than the phosphor spark
That dances in the dark.

THOU WHO CREATEST

THOU who createst down on the dove,
Thou too didst fashion the voice of my Love.

Thou who didst fashion the stillness like death
When her song it ceased and we held our breath.

And the shape called Parting came quivering in—
The stealth of him made our hearts to spin.

O the eve grew dark and the world gaped wide
And the twain of us panted there crucified!

The ghost of my grief found a home in her face
And we stared out together on endless space—

A space shorn of sunset or maple branch
To replenish the spirit and keep soul staunch.

Thou who createst down on the dove,
Thou too didst fashion the voice of my Love.

Though my life with her and her voice for me
Belong to the blessings that cannot be.

TO A YOUNG WOMAN SINGING

O CHILD, for such thou seemest to me
Who singest as no others sing!
To make love live in melody—
It is a heavenly thing.

And when thou singest, maiden rare,
I feel—ah when thou singest, I feel
Beauty and truth and love and prayer
In madness o'er me steal!

That strain again, those measures soft
Revive with peace my warring sprite;
Thus lift me Sweet! bear me aloft
From solitude and night.

NIGHT PIECE

DEAR one, may all blest visions
Hallow thy silver sleep;
Love is a wakeful potion—
I have drunk deep.

I have drunk deep of the fountains
Of starshine and darkness and dreams
And the fragrance which sends one floating
Down infinite streams

Of longing I cannot fathom,
But strange they tide and sweet
And fierce and serene and undying
And incomplete.

O we are wed for ever
If ever souls were wed!
That linen is chaster than heaven
Where falls thy head.

STARS

MUSIC I hear, immortal bars
Descending pure from heaven;
Notes from the solitary stars—
The harp stars numbering seven.

But O the want, the wintry pain,
The lone lament past telling,
As though they ranged the world in vain
For one sweet voice upswelling!

WAR VERSES

THE BELGIAN WOMAN'S PRAYER

THE leaves they are purple with blood this year,
And the wine press is heavy with grief and fear,
While the starved wind shrills up the naked plain,
The insensate form of that loved terrain.

O the passions of men are unsheathed! Life is
cheap,

And our wave of lament drowns the dirge of
the deep,

Crying woe for Louvain, Liège and their kind;
For the heart of the Hun is brutish and blind.

Now winter is round us, my home is a pile
Of stones on whose ivy the sun used to smile;
My hearth is a ruin, my daughters are—fled!
My husband and sons—are they bleeding or
dead?

Christ God, hear my prayer, we were faithful of
old;

Then spare me my days, take me not to Thy fold
Till the hour that is Heaven and rest to my mind
When the heart of the Hun my rifle shall find!

THE ZEP AND THE AERO

RELATE your exploits, cried the Zeppelin,
Afar from the lordly battle's din,
Where the brave in the trenches bleed to win.

At first I essayed, sang the Aeroplane
To gather news for my country's gain
From Britain's fleet on the misty main.

But a keenly directed cannon shot
From an insolent craft, that lay like a blot
On the blue, just missed and I tarried not;

But fled to our lines in the heart of France—
'Twas a marvel to view our ranks advance
Where the fair plains echoed the sky's expanse.

My duty was finding range for our guns;
How I split my sides when our knowing ones
Hit a convent scatt'ring a covey of nuns!

But the farcical time that endures in my dreams,
The incident tickling our army to screams,
Was to see the old temple go toppling at Rheims.

I confess, at my height, with the engine and sails,
The rising and plunging 'mid vaporous gales,
I lost the stained glass and statue details;

THE ZEP AND THE AERO

But the thing was rare sport and a lesson beside
To the decadent French, though it can't be denied
Their artillery gained from the wound to their
pride.

Then once I recall how I swooped like a vulture
To a field where the dead were receiving sepul-
ture
And spoiled their last sleep for our Kaiser and
Culture.

Your fate has been kind, cried the Zeppelin-mass,
His huge shape inflating with ego and gas,
You've rounded your function, fulfilled your
class.

My duty lies far from the shrapnel storm,
I waste my good shells on no uniform,
Apart my mission, unique my norm.

To open cities I wend my flight,
Convoyed by Prussia's ally, the night,
And wake them to dread with my ghastly light.

Then I seek out a haunt even Uhlans would
spare,

THE ZEP AND THE AERO

Where the gray heads collect in some hospital
square
Or the citizen wounded are wont to pair,

And loose my explosives upon their hives;
To blot out a few so-called innocent lives
Best argues how militarism thrives.

It's becoming a hackneyed art to toss
Our bombs on the plodding old Red Cross;
I only do so when at a loss.

To surprise poor peasants in peaceful dells
Or the village priest at his sanctus bells
Or a maid drawing water, my bosom swells

At our pranks in the pretty Belgianland
Where the *dumme* people make a stand
Against Gott's own anointed band.

In London how my good bombs roared
And razed both school and dwelling, gored
Weak women and children for the lord.

And later—his laughter made him spin—
Till the Aero warned, O Zeppelin
Take heed, pull taut your outer skin.

THE ZEP AND THE AERO

Ach nein, the merry old worm replied,
Then puffed out perilously wide,
Wrinkled, burst forth, collapsed, and died.

They fetched the fallen hero home
Past aero shed to Zeppelin 'drome,
In Düsseldorf by Rhenish foam.

Where heaped with standards in the sun
And iron crosses by the ton,
With sermons on the deed well done.

Hic jacet, carved on his hangar hearse
In Potsdam manufactured verse
"Though war was cruel he made it worse."

Then plain, ye aeros, o'er peaceful mere;
Dirigibles, drop the petrol tear
Where your master sleeps on his German bier!

THE APPEAL OF SATAN

ON THE BANISHMENT OF THE BELGIANS

THE Devil to the Kaiser cried:
My kingly, cultured friend,
Our comradeship of old shall bide
Unto the sulphurous end.

But think you it is loyal quite
That all folk thee acclaim,
Saying, "See Hohenzollern smite
The fiend at his own game"?

Am I so hedged about with hymns
And Sunday-tea conventions,
That your Boche infamy bedims
My very best inventions?

I will concur your style has tone,
But still it wakes my ire
When you appropriate my own
Chef d'œuvre, liquid fire;

And filch it without "will you share"
Or health drunk in sly chalice,
As "Here's to Satan my confrère."
Just "Deutschland über Allies!"

THE APPEAL OF SATAN

Far worse indeed; for first you snipe
My stuff—say, poison gases—
And smear it with the Potsdam stripe
As yours before the masses;

Then thank my stern old enemy
Who strides in halls celestial;
Such conduct is undevilish, aye
'Tis unsatanic, bestial.

There glints a chivalry down here
Among the dusky legions;
We rather dread when you appear
You'll Prussianize the regions.

True, you've surpassed me in design—
Instance the U boat mania,—
The envious chills slipped down my spine
When you thugged the *Lusitania*;

Still it recalled my youthful spark
The licking flames, the mangling,
The sudden violence, light and dark,
The individual strangling.

I might have planned it, hate-possessed,
As you have planned sans scruple,

THE APPEAL OF SATAN

I like to play 'twas at my hest
You dreamed it, *lieber* pupil!

But when it comes to slaving off
A people in vast hordes,
Egyptian-wise, my horns I doff
To thee, great lords of lords!

I have done evil, stirred up strife,
Made sorrow, killed out bliss,
But *noch nie* in mine ancient life
Have I attained to this.

Here, take my place mid fire and shade!
Spoil Hell; I'll reign instead
O'er Europe, that your hand has made
First Empire of the Dead.

THE MAN

FILL the bumpers brimming high
And drink we to our native land:
There should be mighty harmony
To drown a pledge so grand:
We stand by the Atlantic shore
Where patriot surges plunge and roar
Since our first fathers from the Nore
Set foot upon the strand.

We have had men among us, yea,
From Washington, the grandly calm,
From Lincoln, of the human way,
Whose words were like the psalm;
From Hamilton, our statutes' sire,
Brave Lee, erect as saintly spire,
And Grant, who quenched the killing fire
That swept from pine to palm.

We have had men and, God be thanked,
Men have we still while Roosevelt stays!
In song and screed he will be ranked
With great ones of heroic days.
The dawnlike splendour of his mind
Stirs the whole camp of humankind,
Inspires the slothful, wakes the blind
That struggle through the haze.

THE MAN

Then fill the bumpers not with wine,
But brightness from our native streams;
Rich is our land, a fire divine
Upon our billowing banner gleams.
While souls of men like these, unmarred
By greed, or glory evil-starred,
Sweep o'er us, stoutly may we guard
The Empire of our Dreams.

KITCHENER

KITCHENER of Khartoum is gone; he's spent
The Sirdar, K. of K.

He died just as he lived, this soldier went
The good old hero way.

He lies mute 'neath the wave, as hitherto
He lived mute in our world.

Questioning not what Destiny could do
Or whither he be hurled;
So long as work went on and on and on,
And Duty ordered meant that Duty done.

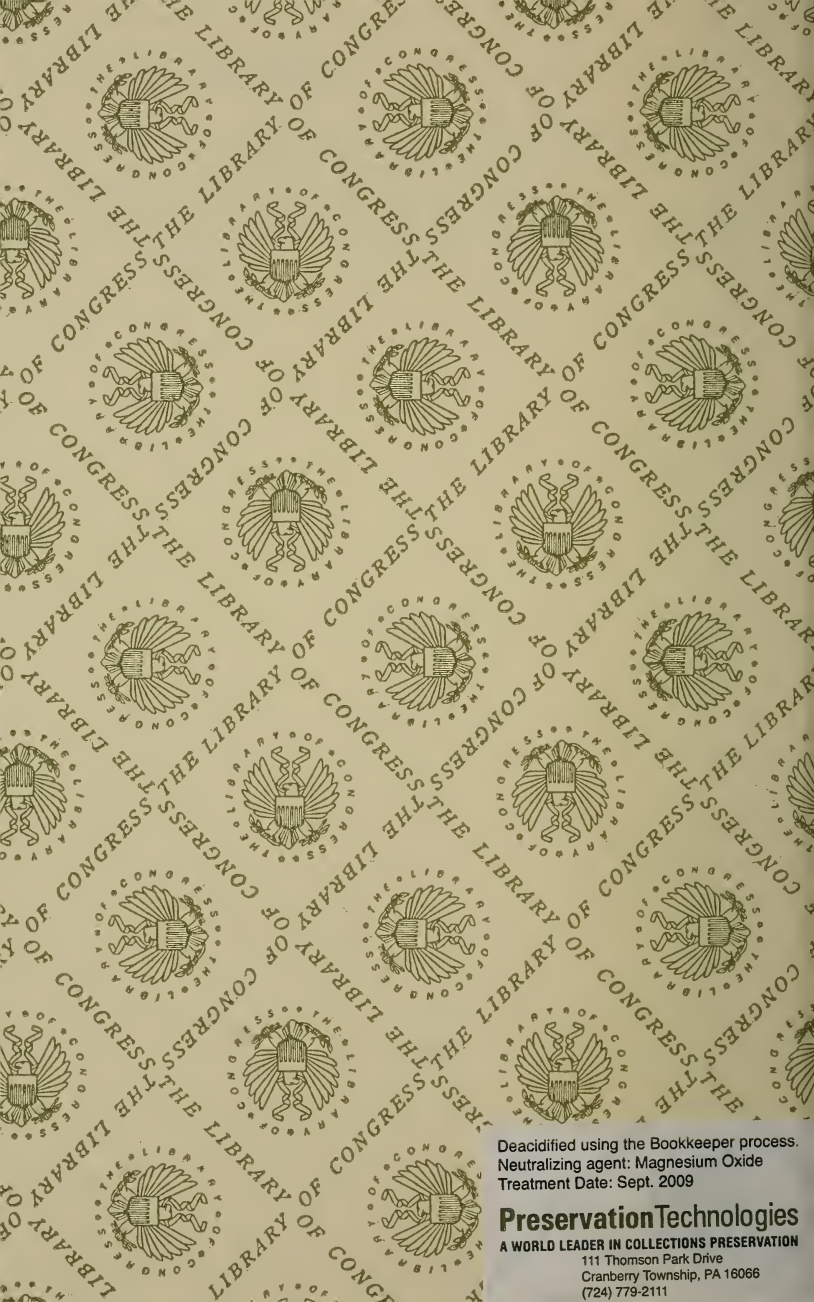
Kitchener of Khartoum is dead, the man
Who'd neither break nor bend,
Who rode down every traverse he began
Unto the cruel end.
The man who raised up Empires from the sand,
Brought life back to the shard,
Who dealt out Persian justice with a hand
That could strike swift and hard;
This man who seldom spoke and never smiled
Is past, his eye explores a greater wild.

Kitchener of Khartoum is gone, he stands
Silent among the dead,
This chieftain who to conquest of new lands
Led on the British red.
Upon man's final Expedition vast
He's off and I believe

KITCHENER

All that a staunch soul, freed of earth at last,
Can splendidly achieve,
So the tall Sirdar's, ever in advance
Will march to triumph through that grim Ex-
panse.

THE END



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